



THE
IRISHMANS FROLICKS
IN LONDON

An Irishmans frolics in London
It was a great wager he laid,
He'd pass all the guards in the City
And not one word he wau'd say.

CHORUS—
But still be sung foltheedolle,

Some said he drank libnar,
Some said he was light in the brain,
But if it is foolish hik's acting,
We'll send ain to Prison,

Hark hark saik one of the Constable,
Hear is a mad man comeing on.
Come rise up yonr guns & get ready
We'll soon make him alter his song

The Magers Daughter standing in the office,

For him she did earnestly plead,
Dear father now grant me his pardon
It must be a wager he laid,

Dear Dauter I grant you his pardou
As it is your desire,
It must go b*yoad my concession
Or else pay the officers fine,

He put his hand in his pocket,
Paid the officers every one.
He madd a low bow to the b dy,
Off he went singing his song,

Away he went cracking his fingers;
Off he went whistling away,
All they could say or do to him,
He never would alter his way,

Good peop' I hope I did not offend you
I hope I said nothing was wrong,
I got the Magers Dauter in mariage
For tinginge a verse of a song
